

Mother

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/43252014) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/43252014>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Johnny the Homicidal Maniac
Character:	Johnny "Nny" C.
Additional Tags:	Flashbacks , Minor Character Death , Minor Original Character(s)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-25 Words: 916 Chapters: 1/1

Mother

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Johnny blows up a bakery and then has a strange dream about his past.

Notes

I orphaned all my past JTHM fics so if you remember me from when I used to write them you get a cookie!

This is my first attempt at a fic for this fandom in a long while so please cut me some slack. This is something that I've wanted to write about for a long time. I hope you enjoy!

(see the end note for translations on foreign words)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

He doesn't remember his mother.

He figured he had to have a mother, lots of people had mothers. He figured he had to come from fucking somewhere, right? However, with a lot of things in his life, Johnny's memory is, well, fucked up. No matter how much he wills, any memory of his life outside of *this* comes up hazy, like static on a television screen.

Despite this, there are certain things he presumes must be true. Her skin must've been brown like his, her hair dark and straight like his, her eyes a dark onyx like his. From there, things turn into static again. Everything feels fuzzy. Where does his aquiline nose come from? His brows? The frame of his face? His prominent cheekbones?

Johnny had never bothered to ponder such things before until one particular day.

A new craving had taken over his thirst for a cherry flavored freezy, instead of putting the same cold, red sugary goop down his throat for the millionth time - today, Johnny was craving something baked, something sweet.

He figured he deserved it after successfully taking yet another person's life for his wall full of dried blood.

So to the nearest local bakery he went. Something called a pan diarrhea or whatever. (it was actually called a *Panadería*)

He made a simple order, one of those breads that had a shell like pattern in the chocolate flavor. Pointed it out to the teenage employee at the counter, paid for it with a stolen credit card and everything. What he received in the brown paper bag handed to him was *not* what he had ordered.

Johnny looks at the patterned bread dusted with white sugar instead of brown. In an immediate rage, he doesn't eat it and instead lets it crumble into his hands. He stomps up the

counter again, planting his hands on its surface with a hard slap. His eye twitches at the employee.

After a moment of screams and ranting, Johnny pulls out a bomb he had hidden under his long black coat. He escapes before the establishment is demolished, with all employees and customers inside. A smell hits his nose, and Johnny's frantic state is immediately halted. No, not by the blood, he's smelled blood a thousand times.

It was the smell of the thousands of baked treats, now crumpled in the air.

The walk home causes his head to hurt, as he's confronted with a thousand thoughts at once.

He doesn't remember having a preference for a treat he's sure he's never had.

The rest of the afternoon goes on in a haze as Johnny once again tries to confront the static in his head. His memories must be somewhere! Memories before all this! Before his life went to shit!

Do you remember that child you were?

He's in a classroom.

When did he get in a classroom?

He's shorter now, he notices. Smaller. Like Squee. Cheeseburger sized.

Other kids are staring at him as he speaks. They laugh. He can't speak Spanish well. It's not his first language.

Wait, since when does he speak Spanish or any other language?

The kids continue to tease him, first about the way he talks and now his big nose, his small eyes. Even some lighter kids decide to tease about his brown skin.

She used to say that the sun loved him so much, it kissed him everytime he played outside.

Wait, who is she? What is going on? Where the fuck is he?

He's somewhere else. Away from the bullying kids. Somewhere safe.

"Nantli, the other kids are making fun of me again" his own small voice says in a language present Johnny cannot understand but it sounds very familiar. There are tears in his eyes.

"Oh, Pilli. Calm, calm. I am here." A female voice responds in the same language.

Johnny can feel her hug, feel her hand stroke his hair.

All his thoughts melt away as he succumbs to being in this tiny body, surrounded by this woman's warmth.

She pulls away and for the first time Johnny can see her face. Her lips curl into a smile, her dark eyes practically beaming at him. Johnny notices that they have the same big nose. Her long hair cascades down her body in a braid, decorated with a colorful ribbon that wraps around her braid like she's a Christmas present.

He feels his tears being wiped away, and then his mother stands. His *Nantli* .

Oh; now he knows where he is.

The language he had been hearing this whole time was Nahuatl, spoken by many in this town where he lived. In Chucueyaco, a small village in Mexico.

His mother heads to the kitchen, saying that she has a treat for him. That it will make him not cry anymore.

The small body now piloting Johnny's every move runs excitedly to a table to receive the treat. He can smell something already.

Warm pastry bread with shell shaped chocolate layers on top are presented to him wrapped snugly in a patterned cloth inside a basket.

Now do you remember?

Johnny wakes up on the hard wooden floor of the 777 house. He doesn't move, as tears prick from his eyes and stream down his cheeks. Since when did he fall asleep?

From his broken window, the sun rises and beams its first rays of light directly onto the room. Through the cracks, the sun's warmth leaks, and Johnny can feel its kisses upon his skin.

End Notes

Translations:

Panadería = Bakery (a shop that sells Mexican or latin american breads, and other baked goods)

Nantli = Mother

Pilli = Son or Prince (which could be taken as an endearing nickname)

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